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## NEGLECTED SUGGESTIONS AND PREDICTIONS.

MUCH has been said on these subjects lately, without a hint being given in any quarter towards a *rationale* of the matter, though that lies, one would think, but a short space out of the highway of thought.

It is quite true, and 'pity 'tis 'tis true,' that official persons often slight warnings which prove to have been well grounded, and which, if taken, might have averted much evil. 'Pity 'tis 'tis true,' also, that persons invested with administrative functions receive from outsiders many suggestions as to possible improvements, which it might have been well they had adopted. The greatest pity of all, however—and here lies the explanation of the whole matter—is, that official and administrative persons are not endowed by nature with miraculous wisdom, wherewith to distinguish a true warning when it is given, or a certain improvement when it is suggested. They are, unfortunately, ordinary human beings, who can only judge of such things on the same principles as the rest of their species. Such things are usually of very doubtful character. Their proving fallacious would be a serious inconvenience and discomfort. There is a responsibility as to the acceptance of absurdities, as well as the rejection of truths. It is surely, then, far from inexcusable that they are, in general, treated simply upon a theory of their probable worth, and overlooked wherever there is not a very strong case made out in their favour.

On the occurrence of the late frightful outbreak in India, it was certainly very startling to find in a book of Sir Charles Napier, published in 1853, an earnest warning as to the ticklish condition of the native troops—a prediction, in short, of this very outbreak, on the condition that certain steps were not taken to avert it. Well, here is a complete instance of a true warning slighted, and dismal consequences arising. Yet it is only fair to go back to 1853, and inquire whether the reputation of Sir Charles Napier for grave wisdom was such as to make it culpable for administrators then to neglect what he said. It is with no disrespect to a brave soldier, that we must pronounce that his reputation was not of this character. There were a few other voices in India; however, that spoke for years to the same purport as Sir Charles Napier; and it now appears very unlucky that these were not better listened to. But it is not true that there are peculiar opinions on all sorts of subjects—that hundreds of such opinions are daily

neglected with perfect impunity, because they are only the whims of individuals, and never come true? The opinions in question about the Bengal native troops were not those of the great mass of officers connected with India, and presumably able to judge. Would it have been allowable for those at the head of affairs to open their ears to a small minority, and neglect the general opinion? Can we now say that this would at the time have appeared wise and commendable, when it inferred a grand change of policy, involving its own peculiar hazards, as all changes of policy do? Would it even have been practicable, governed as India is by a body representing a vast multitude of persons? It can only be necessary to put these questions. As to their answers, there can be no hesitation and no variance.

The treatment of inventions, discoveries, and suggestions of improvement, is ruled by precisely the same principle. Now and then, it turns out that an invention or suggestion, which has been slighted in official quarters, is in reality a thing of genuine value and importance; and then there is an outcry about the inveterate opposition presented by official persons to all ideas which come to them from persons out of doors. To justify this outcry, it would be necessary to shew that the great bulk, at least, of the aforesaid inventions and suggestions are valuable, and yet invariably rejected. But the fact is—as all persons acquainted with official business only too well know—that such inventions and suggestions are, in all except a few rare instances, of no value whatever. To prove one part of this position, it is only necessary to recall how numberless are the inventions patented at a cost sufficient to test the sincerity of the inventor, and which are never afterwards heard of as practically carried out or proving of any use. To prove the other part to men of business, it is enough to remind them how often they receive suggestions about matters connected with their own affairs, which they find it impossible to turn to any account. It is very possible that actual administrators sometimes become too conservative. But obviously, the tendency of the frequent obtrusion of outside ideas that prove of no service, must be to create a general hopelessness as to such ideas; and with a person fully occupied with his stated duties, such frequent obtrusion cannot but have an exhausting effect upon the patience. A quick cordial receptivity of new ideas is therefore scarcely to be expected amongst official persons.

The actual history of outside ideas with official persons we believe to be simply this. They come in such shoals, that a careful study of each is nearly impossible. A large proportion—probably two-thirds

—suggest obvious alterations of plan, which have been long familiar to the office, and found impracticable. Another set are violent and hazardous changes, inferring great blame in case of failure. A third set are so like the dreams of maniacs, that they are at once set aside. As a rule, the outside suggester or inventor appears to the actual administrator as a person labouring under such disadvantages from his want of knowledge of the conditions under which any change is necessarily to be made, that his likelihood of suggesting a real improvement which actual administrators had failed to think of, is little above *nil*.

A remarkable improvement in one of the public departments was suggested, and urged a few years ago by an outsider of extraordinary sagacity, and, being adopted, it has undoubtedly conducted immensely to the comfort of individuals, and the facility of mercantile transactions. The suggester or expositor, as he should rather be called, of this novelty—a man whose name will never be mentioned in our history without respect—was appropriately, though not very promptly, rewarded by a high position in the office which he improved; yet we have reason to believe that this very person, with the greatest natural liberality of mind towards new things, has the usual experience of official persons regarding suggestions of improvement from external sources. The bulk of them are totally useless, and only occupy good time to no purpose. There is a constant movement in the office towards better and better plans; but in nearly every point it comes from the persons practically conversant with the office, its actual conditions, and its susceptibilities of useful change.

The subject here treated is, after all, but part of a larger one involving the history of all new things in their struggles for the acknowledgment of their worth. Novelities in human thought, in scientific discovery, and in mechanical application of the arts, have all to go through a course of difficulties before they fully assert themselves, or are generally accepted. A new man of genius has to undergo a probation before he can clear himself out from the herd of pretenders with whom he is at first liable to be confounded. It is wholly idle, as appears to us, to rail and declaim as if there were some perverse conspiracy against good new things and good new men, when it is clearly evident that all such are acknowledged as soon as ever their worth can be truly ascertained, and that in the process of ascertaining their worth lies the only real cause of delay. Undoubtedly, while it so happens that there is an almost indefinite number of chances—speaking speculatively—against one, that the novelty will be naught, the generality of men, be they official or not, will hesitate to give it even that consideration without which its making way is impossible. They refuse to be troubled upon such a poor prospect of benefit. Till human perspicacity is such that it can criticise and weigh the prospects of everything at a glance, novelties will have this fate to submit to.

These remarks are not, of course, designed to excuse any special noted case of the slighting of either a sound prediction or an obviously useful improvement. Let all such be unsparingly denounced; we merely aim at shewing how it is, in the actual relations of things, that a Cassandra will sometimes be seen going about giving out warnings which no one believes, and that a

man of true genius and originality will occasionally have to complain that a useful invention was for some time pressed in vain upon public attention.

KIRKE WEBBE,

THE PRIVATEER CAPTAIN.

CHAPTER VII.

WELL acquainted as I was with the French language—my 'atrocious accent' notwithstanding—I must confess to something of the same feeling, when I first set foot upon the deck of *L'Espiegle*, and heard Captain Renaudin give smartly executed orders in that tongue to his French crew, as the English seaman expressed when he declared that he could not for the life of him comprehend how the service could be carried on in a ship where they called the foremast a *mât d'avant*. I remarked upon the absurdity to Webbe.

'The feeling arises in part, I dare say,' replied the privateer captain, 'from the Englishman's instinctive belief that he is of legitimate right ruler of the seas, and, consequently, that it is a kind of impertinence for denizens on his domain to speak any other tongue than his.'

'And to that instinctive belief, as you term it, must, I suppose, be also referred the surprise I have felt at noticing that the crew of *L'Espiegle* are, to all appearance, skilful and hardy sailors?'

'No doubt; since why a man born at Brest should not, other things being equal, prove as skilful and hardy as he who was born at Portsmouth, would puzzle one to explain. Other things, however, not being equal, as a rule, the seamen of France are not so hardy, so continuously hardy, as the British.'

'Have the kindness to explain: I should like to have a reason for the faith that is in me.'

'Willingly. If you or I were to take a heavy pick, shovel, and wheelbarrow, some fine hot day, and work with might and main in a stiff soil, at the foundation of a house, we should find it to be exhausting work, which only the most robust fellows could sustain with spirit for any length of time. Well, the rapid working of a frigate or liner's heavy guns in a close fight, where no particular aim need be taken, is harder, more exhausting labour than that; and French, Italian, Austrian seamen are not, as races, physically equal to the work, in comparison with Anglo-Saxon sailors. The fire of a French ship-of-war during the first ten minutes or quarter of an hour of a close rapid fight is frequently equal to that of a British ship-of-war: after that, although the foreigner's courage may be as untamed as ever, his muscles, as a general rule, begin to yield, his fire slackens, and the battle is lost. The same physiological fact governs in respect of stubborn holding out during long-continued stress of weather, or—Ha! I see her now. All right, so far.'

To enable the reader to understand Captain Renaudin's abrupt break-off in his dissertation upon the comparative naval prowess of British and French seamen, it must be explained, that whilst he was delivering it, he had been anxiously peering through a night-glass at a distant speck upon the darkening horizon, which interested him much more than the topic he was carelessly discussing. A glint of moonlight had at last enabled him to decide that the said speck was not the *Pelican* sloop-of-war.

'The capture, not many months since, of the American brig-of-war, *Argus*, by that same *Pelican*,' I remarked, after a while, 'was a gallant exploit, was it not?'

'Well, yes; but the *Argus* was overmatched, though nothing like so hopelessly as the *Macedonian* in her action with the *United States*, which Yankees prance and crow so much about. Captain Carden was a

brother-mid of mine, and I would have backed him with an equal force against all the Decature in creation. I might as well,' added Webbe with unusual heat—'I might as well snatch up a belaying-pin, floor yonder little *mousse*, and then trumpet like a great elephant of my glorious victory! But enough of this. Had you not better, Mr Linwood, go below? The air is chilly now, and will be many degrees colder before we again behold the sun.'

'Do you remain on deck?'

'Ay, young man, till *L'Espiegle* is safely moored in French waters, or sunk five fathoms deep—which is considerably under the average, by the by, at any distance seaward off this coast—in those of the Channel. The rocks of Choisy, certainly, and the *Pelican*, possibly, lie in wait for us amid the darkness ahead—two considerations that would "murder sleep" as effectually as ever Macbeth did: the Capitaine Jules Renaudin's sleep, that is. Mr William Linwood, of Boston, United States, may slumber as serenely as at Oak Villa—Nay, never shake your raven locks at me! We shall weather Cape Danger, do not fear, threateningly as it may seem just now to loom upon us through the mirk night. Baptiste,' he added in French, 'conduct monsieur below, and see him properly accommodated.'

Capitaine Jules Renaudin was right: the cold was becoming intense; and along the French shore a thick fog was rising, which would extinguish, so far as *L'Espiegle* was concerned, the dull lights that in those days doubtfully beaconed the vessel's sinuous course along a rock-strewn coast, which the fear of hostile cruisers compelled her to hug with perilous proximity. It was the rising fog, far more than the *Pelican*, that excited the fears of the commander of the French privateer; and with good reason, I was seaman enough to understand, without the help of Baptiste's prolix verbal chart of the sands, shoals, rocks through which, in avoidance of that *maudit corsair Anglais*, *L'Espiegle* would have to feel her dubious way. There, however, being an equally dismal certainty that I could do nothing to help myself or the cutter, by remaining hungry and awake, I resigned myself to the excellent viands, wines, and liqueurs set before me by Baptiste, and with such tranquillising success, that when I turned in for the night, the fog, shoals, rocks, and Britannic majesty's cruiser had lost, for me, nearly all their terrors.

I had risen and dressed myself the next morning at a little after eight o'clock, as marked by my watch, albeit it seemed to be pretty nearly as dark as when I lay down in the hammock. We were, I found, becalmed in a dense fog, and had anchored to avoid being drifted upon a shoal or rock by the strong and seemingly capricious currents which prevail upon that rugged coast.

There was no danger, that I could imagine, to be apprehended, and yet a feeling of great uneasiness seemed to pervade the crew of *L'Espiegle*; the officers were conversing in low tones with each other, peering into the murky air seaward with their glasses, and from time to time anxiously consulting the countenance of Captain Renaudin, as if there would be read the earliest confirmation of their hopes or fears, whatever those hopes or fears related to. The captain himself was standing upon the starboard bulwarks, supporting himself by the rattlings, and looking forth seaward in one particular direction with unswerving earnestness.

He was, I saw, in no mood for answering idle questions, and I forbore to ask any; but I was afterwards informed that the *Pelican* had, it was known, sighted the *Espiegle* just before the fog reached and shrouded her. The wind immediately afterwards died completely away, so that there was no doubt the British cruiser was aware of the exact whereabouts of

*L'Espiegle*. I observed, moreover, that the men had pistols in their waist-belts, that arms of other kinds had been brought upon deck, and ranged conveniently at hand, and the two starboard guns cast loose and loaded.

'The fog, messieurs,' exclaimed the captain, when I had been on deck some half-hour, perhaps—'the fog, messieurs, is, as you perceive, lightening fast; in a few minutes, it will have entirely cleared away, and if—Thunder of heaven! yonder they come! *Alerte!*' he shouted, jumping upon the deck; 'be ready with the boarding-nets, and see that your arms are in working-order. The wind, Bourdon,' he added, addressing an officer, 'will probably be here as soon, or sooner, than they; you had better, therefore, place at once two men in the bows with sharp axes, to cut away the cable at a sign from me.'

The fog was indeed fast passing away; the sun, which in aspect like a red-hot cannon-ball, had been dimly glaring through it, swiftly assumed his ordinary splendour, and with well-nigh the rapidity of a *coup de théâtre*, the dull, murky scene in which only ourselves and *L'Espiegle* had been visible, changed to a bright sky overhead, a clear blue sea around, with four large boats filled with seamen and marines—the red jackets and bayonets of the latter glancing brightly in the sunshine—pulling lustily towards us; but still, I judged, a good mile off; and in the yet much further distance, the British sloop-of-war, *Pelican*!

There being no further necessity for caution or concealment, the boats' crews gave a defiant cheer, and pulled with renewed vigour, in the hope of reaching us before the also rapidly approaching line of ruffled water, marking the progress of the breeze which they were, so to speak, bringing with them.

'Captain Renaudin,' said I, speaking of course in English, which, fortunately, no one on board but us understood a word of—'Captain Renaudin, you will please to understand that I shall not fight against my own countrymen. You have led me into a terrible'—

'Bah! bah!' he interrupted, 'we shall manage to do without your valiancy's help, I dare say. To tell you the truth,' he added, in a calmer tone, whilst still intently watching the race, so to speak, between the boats and the breeze—'to tell you the truth, I would rather not myself; but self-preservation is the first law of nature. Have the men ready in the bows,' he shouted, 'to cut away when I lift my hand. Bourdon,' he added, 'place the best men by the sails, so that they draw without the waste of one precious moment; and take the wheel yourself. The guns I take charge of.'

I leaned against the capstan in a state of indescribable agitation. The full magnitude, to myself and those dear to me, of the stake involved in the struggle about to take place, seemed for the first time to flash upon my startled senses. Should the boats—should the *Pelican's* launch, which greatly headed the others, reach us before *L'Espiegle* had got well under-way, there could be no hope, however brave the resistance offered, that the French privateer would get away before the remaining boats came up and rendered further resistance hopeless—useless. In case of capture, my own position would, to say the least, be a very unpleasant, if not dangerous one; whilst as to Webbe, supposing him to be identified—and if sent to Portsmouth, he was sure to be identified—his doom would unquestionably be an hour's dangle at the yard-arm; and with his life would pass away, I feared, all hope of accomplishing the purpose, to attain which, I had tempted these desperate hazards.

And those fearful issues would be substantially decided in ten minutes—in less, much less; the launch was now not two hundred yards distant, and the stout oars bent with the force of the rowers' efforts to reach

us in time. Meanwhile, Webbe—fiercely pale, as it were—resolved, yet regretful; for although he made no scruple of plundering his countrymen, he had a deep repugnance to firing upon, slaying them—had trailed one of the double-shot guns—no grape or cannister had been used; Webbe's aim being to smash the boat, if possible, not kill or wound the men—to bear upon the launch, but hesitated to discharge it till there was no other chance left him but to do so. Another motive might be, that it was, above all, necessary to make sure that the shot would tell.

Well, the launch was, I say, within two hundred yards of us when the first puff of the coming breeze fluttered the dangling sails, and *L'Espiegle* heeled slightly over to leeward.

'Cut away the cable!' shouted the captain, without for an instant taking his eye off the advancing boat. 'Bourdon, be prompt, and, above all, calm!'

The cable, severed by a few sharp strokes of the axe, flew through the hawse-hole; the cutter's bows fell off; a second and more powerful puff of wind filled the sails; in another minute they would draw; in four, or five, no boat could overhaul us. Would those precious minutes be vouchsafed?

I could hardly hope so. Excited, as it seemed, by the possible scene of the anticipated prize, the marines in the stern of the launch jumped up to fire; a movement that disturbed the equilibrium of the boat, and which I could hear the naval officer in command rebuke with a curse. Down dropped the jollies without firing, and in response to the sea-officer's stimulating appeal, the launch was made to fairly leap out of the water—so to speak—towards *L'Espiegle*.

A successful cannon-shot alone could save us. Webbe, seeing it to be so, fired. Almost simultaneous with the flash and roar of the gun, was his triumphant shout. The bow of the boat had been completely smashed, and many of her crew were splashing and spluttering about in the water; only one, as we afterwards knew, being wounded, and that not dangerously.

A yell of delight arose from *L'Espiegle*, which drew forth a volley from the marines in the other boats—too distant to be effective. By that time, the French privateer was well under-way, and running with a fine breeze for Avranches. The depth of water, and intricacy of the navigation, forbade pursuit by the British cruiser; and in less than two hours, *L'Espiegle* dropped anchor abreast of Mont St Michel, of iron-cage celebrity. Quite, once more, for the fright!

Captain Jules Renaudin seemed to have a numerous acquaintance in Avranches; and this last exploit, which was nothing less, it soon appeared, than beating off a heavy British frigate with *L'Espiegle* of four guns, rendered him quite the lion of the ancient town. Avranches is built upon a hill at the mouth of the river Sée, and was formerly, I dare say, a place of importance. There was a curious old cathedral there, and other relics of bygone glories; but in 1814, the aspect of the town was drear and desolate in the extreme. The pulse of the national life of France did not beat high at that time; and in Avranches, as elsewhere, the emperor's reverses—the invasion by the allies of the 'sacred soil'—were the sad themes of every conversation. Ay, and people were whispering with white lips and flashing eyes, that the insolent invaders were actually marching upon Paris!

Anything, therefore, however insignificant in itself, which tended to revive the preposterous prestige of French invincibility, and especially a success upon the sea, was hailed with an almost childish delight. So, Captain Jules Renaudin, and a judicious selection from the *équipage* of *L'Espiegle*, were invited to a banquet—'Monsieur le jeune Américain' having the honour to be included in the list of guests.

We were to have set out by diligence for St Malo on the same day this patriotic festival was improvised, but

Webbe determining, for reasons of his own, to accept the proffered honour, I had of course no choice but to acquiesce.

In sooth, I was rather pleased—young-man-like—I remember, with the idea of the entertainment, and especially of the ball which was to follow.

The preparations for the simple fête amused, interested me. It was to be held in a large granary, contiguous to *L'Hôtel Impérial*, which was cleared out for the occasion, decorated with evergreens and gay flags; and to be illumined, for that night only, by an enormous central chandelier, composed of three immense wooden hoops, slung one above another, and stuck full of tin candle-sconces—the shabbiness of material being concealed by pink calico roses, variegated wreaths, rosettes, and so on. Four layers of loose boards, forming distinct tables, each the length of the granary, with deal forms on each side, would afford ample eating-room for the two hundred expected convives; and our preparations were complete, in time, and barely so. Our entertainers were not rich—by no means the *élite* of the place; but their good-will was of the heartiest; and the respectability, as well as legality of the banquet, was assured by the consent of M. le Maire to preside.

The days of omens, portents, had passed away, or I was too insignificant an individual to excite the intervention of the personages who are supposed to manage such things, for I certainly do not remember to have felt the slightest presentiment of what was impending over me. On the contrary, I was in unusual spirits, helped the men to tack on the candle-sconces, to rig the rope-machinery which held the enormous chandelier in trembling suspense over our heads, and the maidens to cut the roses, and twist the wreaths. In short, I made myself generally useful, and, I was even assured, agreeable, to the modest degree, of course, only which any one having the misfortune not to be born a Frenchman could hope to attain.

It seems now natural enough to think and write of the events of those days in a cheerful spirit. I live—have therefore survived the dangers which beset, encompassed me, and the darkest passages of my experience are illumined by remembrance of the signal mercies which preserved me through them. At the time, they were, Heaven knows, no subject for jest or mirth; and it, moreover, may be as well in this place, and once for all, to state, in order to keep well with the reader, that although I did not affect the solemn, grandissimo airs of 'our hero' of romantic fables, nor stalk gloomily about amongst everyday people as if I was constantly before the lights in the principal part of a five-act tragedy, I nevertheless had ever before my eyes—ay, and there was ever beating at my heart and throbbing in my brain, a deep sense of the high filial trust confided to me, and an unswerving resolution to do or die in its fulfilment.

The banquet is prepared—served; the table is full. M. le Maire presides, supported on one side by Captain Jules Renaudin; on the other, by a gray-headed French officer *en retraite*, upon whose breast glitters the cross of the Legion of Honour. I am seated amongst the common file at about the centre of the room, and all for a time goes merry as a marriage-bell—for a long time, to every one but myself, and it should seem a young man in the dress of a French naval *enseigne*, seated at the furthest side of the furthest table from, but directly opposite to me. His dark expressive countenance bears traces of recent suffering; but why on earth does he suddenly stop eating and gaze so fixedly at me! I have never seen him before, and shall not greatly care if I never do again. Bah! I will attend to my *poulet*, regardless of the fellow's persistent rudeness. I cannot, however, help glancing round just to— Confound him; he is still sternly, fiercely glaring at me, Banquo-like, from

amidst the busy, unnoticing guests! It is extremely annoying. Were it a young lady that appeared to be so suddenly taken with my handsome phiz, it would be another thing. Bah! I repeat to myself again; it is nothing to me; let him stare as much as he likes—I shall eat my dinner.

But I cannot eat my dinner; the fellow has filched away my appetite; and I am well pleased when the tables are cleared, the chandelier lit up, and the speeches begin—I shall the sooner be able to get away.

M. le Maire proposes *Sa Majesté l'Empereur*: received with enthusiasm of course. I sit down, after assisting to swell the applause, and almost leap again to my feet with uncontrollable surprise—panic rather! The naval enseigne has shifted his place—come near to me by one table, for a closer view, no doubt, and continues to stare fixedly at me with those dark gleaming eyes of his!

I am recalled to myself by M. le Maire, who, having proposed 'the United States, and may the alliance of the French and American eagles be perpetual,' requests their youthful and distinguished American guest to respond.

I rise for that purpose, amidst the acclamations of the company, and as I do so, a smile of exultant scorn, of deadly hate, kindles the pale face of my persecutor. Under such circumstances, and considering, moreover, that I do not care one straw for the two eagles, it is no wonder I blunder between them, make a very ridiculous figure of myself, and then drop down in my seat as hot, nervous, and uncomfortable as I have ever felt in my life.

'Captain Renaudin et l'équipage de *L'Espigle*,' is received with vociferous applause, and is replied to by Webbe in, I have no doubt, a most audacious speech, that I do not hear; at least it does not touch my mind, which is now fully pre-occupied by the naval enseigne, in whom I can no longer conceal from myself I confront a vengeful foe, whose spring at my throat will not be long delayed!

I am right! Directly Renaudin sits down, the young enseigne rises, and calmly claims M. le Maire's attention for a few words. It is granted instantly. 'Silence pour Monsieur Auguste Le Moine!' exclaims this functionary, echoed by two hundred respectful voices—'Silence pour Monsieur Auguste Le Moine.'

Silence for Monsieur Auguste Le Moine! The name strikes my ear like a knell; and I divine what is coming. I glance towards Captain Webbe, who, I see, has already left his place, and is pushing towards the centre of the apartment.

'Monsieur le Maire et Messieurs,' begins the young enseigne, 'the reverses that for a time have dimmed the glory of the French arms, have to-night been spoken of with mournful freedom. You have heard of the coalition that has been formed for the humiliation of France; of the possible triumph of the multitudinous hosts whose presence already profanes our glorious, sacred soil. But, messieurs, permit me to remind you that it is not in the open field—the field of honour—our enemies gain their most fatal victories. (Bravo.) England, especially, perfidious England employs against us with more effect than she does her soldiers, or even her seamen—of whom I always wish to speak with the respect due to gallant men—England, I say, employs against us the more effective agencies of her gold—her manifold corruptions—her purchased traitors! (Bravos prolongés.) Yes, and to carry out her pitiless policy of corruption, she does not shrink from suborning to it, the courage, the audacity of her own bravest sons, whom she sends into our very midst in the character of friends—of Americans—to spy out where we are strong, and where we are weak; where her blows may be struck with least danger, with most advantage to herself! Of this world-known truth,

messieurs, I will give you a new example—furnish you with a modern illustration. Listen!

'Many of you are aware that but a few days ago I was a prisoner of war to the English—that I have escaped from the island of Jersey by an almost miraculous chance. The fight, messieurs, wherein I was wounded and made captive, was that in which my uncle, Captain Le Moine, lost his life. With the chivalrous feeling that ever distinguished him, the commander of *Le Renard* disdained to avail himself of the means of facile victory which the superiority of his armament afforded, and risked all upon the chances of a hand-to-hand combat upon the deck—of a night-combat wherein skill is of slight avail against brute-strength. He has paid for that grave error with his life. Peace to his ashes; honour to his memory!'

'Peace to his ashes; honour to his memory!' echo numerous voices as the young enseigne pauses, overcome by emotion.

'I have but a few words more to say, messieurs. One of the most active of our foes during that terrible contest was a young man, the son, I have been told, of the captain of the English ship. My uncle attacked him, but his arm no longer possessed the vigour of his younger days, and after a few passes, the sword of the young Englishman terminated that precious life—a life devoted to the honour and glory of France! The night was dark,' continues Auguste Le Moine, with gathering vehemence, 'but at the moment my uncle fell, a gleam of moonlight shone upon the scene, and I clearly marked the features of his slayer. Shall I point him out to you?'

'Where? Who? Tell us!' shouted, screamed a hundred voices.

'Why, who but he who, in the guise of a friendly guest, has taken his seat at this banquet!—who but this pretended American, and really the English slayer of Captain Le Moine!'

A burst of incoherent rage echoed those words. I was seized by vengeful, merciless hands, and should, I doubt not, have been torn asunder, or trampled to death, when, just as all chance, all hope was gone, down came the enormous chandelier upon the heads of the raging crowd—knocking me and a score of others off our legs, and plunging the entire assembly in darkness and confusion.

I was lifted to my feet by the strong grasp of Captain Webbe, and with the help of one of his sailors, hoisted out of the granary window.

'Off, and swiftly,' he whispered, 'to the *Lion d'Or*; I will soon be with you.'

He had cut, in the very nick of time, the rope by which the chandelier was suspended, and with the help of his sailors, trampled out, as if by accident, the candles that remained alight after its fall.

#### VULCANISED INDIA-RUBBER SHOES.

THE manufacturing spirit of the present age seems to have formed an extraordinary alliance with chemistry. A plain man who tries to keep abreast of this branch of the national progress, must find amazing difficulty with the mere technology of the subject. For example, our genuine old Windsor soap is now changed into a substance called glycerine; wax-candles are utterly extinguished in the market by another substance called paraffine; and soda is fast being superseded by the crystals of hydrochlorate of lime. In fact, there is no limit to the singular catalogue of compounds which the manufacturer and the chemist between them have contrived to form out of the constituents of this unhappy world.

The ancient Romans, we are told, who aspired to the great dignities of the republic, kept a slave or two in their families, whose sole business it was to learn the name and know the person of every citizen, in order

that their masters might salute their constituents with the proper degree of familiarity, and shake hands with them as particular acquaintances. Something of this kind, we think, might be done with advantage in modern society. Our great merchants and manufacturers might retain a person in their employment versed in the mysteries of chemistry applied to the arts, whose duties should consist in watching the patent-roll and the scientific journals, and who should be able to distinguish from the mass of unpronounceable names those inventions which are the most suitable to the public taste, and the most likely to turn out a profitable speculation.

These reflections have arisen from a visit we paid the other day to a new manufactory in the neighbourhood of Edinburgh, the staple article of which is vulcanised India-rubber. A company of American capitalists, from the regions of New York, have actually invaded the classical metropolis of the north, and in less than a year have raised up a concern of great magnitude—the largest of its kind, indeed, in Europe—upon the strength of the growing demand for this vegetable substance, particularly when fabricated into waterproof goloshes. The thing strikes us as being so curious, and so important in a social point of view, that we have taken some trouble to inquire into the whole subject; and we propose in this article to give our readers an account of the introduction of the India-rubber manufactory into Scotland, together with a short description of the process of making India-rubber shoes.

With regard to the material itself, we shall just state that it was first seen in Europe about the middle of last century; that it was soon afterwards discovered to be the gum, or, more properly, the coagulated juice of certain tropical trees, the chief of which is the celebrated *Siphonia elastica* of the Brazilian forests; that by the natives it was called caoutchouc; by the chemists, from its singular elasticity, gum-elastic; and by the common people, from its valuable property of cleaning paper, India-rubber. Its physical properties, indeed, as a whole are perfectly unique. By far the most elastic substance in nature, it is insoluble in water, in alcohol, or in any of the mineral acids; but it dissolves readily in ether or naphtha; and, above all, it possesses the power of agglomerating, or, in plain language, of adhering again when cut, if the separate pieces are brought together. No other substance, we may add, is so valuable to the analytical chemist. We have the high authority of the Baron Justus von Liebig for stating, that to the increased facilities which the flexible tubes and sheets of India-rubber have given in the laboratory, we owe many of the brightest discoveries in organic chemistry.

Now, it happened about twenty-five years ago, that the method of producing thin sheets of India-rubber was applied to the invention of waterproof cloth garments; and large manufactories for this purpose were established both in England and in the United States. The celebrated Macintosh fabrics, so popular in the days of stage-coach travelling, belong to this era of the trade. But, unfortunately, one or two awkward circumstances connected with the material, which had hitherto almost escaped notice, began to appear in the most unmistakable manner. India-rubber, it was found, like all other vegetable substances, had a tendency to unite with the oxygen of the atmosphere, and decompose; and while perfectly elastic at all ordinary temperatures, it had the fatal peculiarity of becoming soft with heat and hard with cold. It was related in South Carolina, that a stout gentleman, travelling one day under a hot sun with a waterproof coat on, became glued up into an outer integument, from which no skill could extricate him. Another unfortunate man in Michigan, who wore a full suit of the treacherous fabric, was seen to leave a hot room

on a cold winter evening, his clothes to all appearance quite soft and pliable. Next morning, he was found among the snow on the high road frozen to death, with the fatal garments around him as stiff as buckram, and as hard as iron.

From these causes, among others we need not stay to mention, the original India-rubber manufactory gradually sunk in importance, and indeed soon became extinct. But in a few years it was destined to rise from its ashes. An ingenious shipwright of Rhode Island, Charles Goodyear, who had a strong turn for invention, bethought him of using India-rubber sheets over a skeleton of timber planks for a life-boat. The idea was excellent; but the same physical quality we have just mentioned operated much against its success in a practical point of view. The India-rubber life-boats were all very well in the water; but they did not answer to be pulled up high and dry on shore, as in that case the sheets gradually melted into a volatile essential oil, and disappeared. This circumstance was very discouraging, and might have induced any one of a less enthusiastic turn of mind to abandon the India-rubber sheets altogether, and substitute tarred canvas, or something of that kind. But Goodyear, it should seem, was no common-place inventor. With astonishing perseverance, he set about acquiring the chemistry of the subject; and it is pleasing to relate that in this direction his efforts were at length crowned with success. He discovered that if India-rubber were combined at a high temperature with certain proportions of sulphur and the oxide of lead, its whole physical nature was changed, that it was now proof against the process of vegetable decay, and that it remained uniformly elastic under the most considerable variations of temperature. This singular compound he ushered into the world in due time under the high-sounding title of Vulcanised India-rubber.\*

The importance of this invention was very great, if we may judge by its results. Vulcanised India-rubber at once became the rage; all sorts of things were made from it—railway springs and buffers, machinery belts, elastic bands and air-cushions, waterproof garments of every description, all kinds of bandages, and a number of surgical instruments. These things all created a large demand for the material; but it was soon found that the article which consumed most and sold best was the waterproof goloshes; and in a few years after the invention was made public, there sprang up, and still continue to flourish, several large establishments in Connecticut, in Rhode Island, in New Jersey, and in Massachusetts, which manufactory about five million pair every year, and give employment to upwards of five thousand people.

The 'North British Rubber Company' is an offspring of this family. Since the manufactory had proved successful in America, it was thought, shrewdly enough, that it might pay in Europe also. Accordingly, a company having been formed on the limited liability principle, the present managers, Mr H. L. Norris and Mr S. T. Parmelee, who are also large proprietors, were instructed to cross the Atlantic, and fix on a location for the projected colony. To shew their capacity for this important mission, we may relate, that the commercial man, Mr Norris, had been, during thirty years, engaged in the India-rubber trade; that he had resided fourteen years in South America, where he had experimented upon the juice of the great India-rubber trees in the boundless forests of the Amazon. The other was a practical man, skilled in chemistry and mechanics, acquainted with the law of patents, and accustomed to manage working-men. It is not often, we think, that the great elements of success in commercial enterprise are so fairly blended. We do not

\* We propose taking an opportunity, by and by, of going more fully into Goodyear's invention.

know for what reason, but they selected Scotland as the field of their industry, and they first thought of making Glasgow their head-quarters. They were seen, like the two mysterious travellers in Washington Irving, exploring the smoky regions of the Gorbals and Port Dundas, talking vaguely of purchasing land, and of building property, of burghage tenures and feudal superiorities; but, either from the difficulty of procuring a suitable place, or from the prospect of delay, they left the seat of our manufactures and commerce, and finally cast anchor in the seat of our literature and philosophy. One circumstance, indeed, guided their choice: they discovered in Edinburgh one of the finest models of a manufactory which can be found in this or any other country, unoccupied, and ready to receive them.

In the south-western suburbs of the city, at a place called Fountain Bridge, near the deserted basin of the Edinburgh and Glasgow Canal, there stands a large and stately pile of building, which is known to the inhabitants by the name of 'The Castle Silk-mills.' Those buildings were erected some five-and-twenty years ago by a company of adventurers, who proposed to make Edinburgh a seat of the silk-manufacture. No expense was spared on their erection. The large quadrangle, the excellent masonry, the magnificent steam-engine, the symmetrical chimney, as well as the whole plan of the works, still attest the fine taste and boundless liberality of the projectors. Whether it arose from misdirected enterprise, or from want of capital, we do not know; but, at any rate, the speculation proved unsuccessful, and the silk-mills were abandoned. For the long period of twenty years, this splendid building remained as silent, and almost as deserted, as if it had been dug out at Pompeii. It was tried for a poor-house; it was tried for a carpet-manufactory; but it would not do: nothing could rouse the slumbering spirit of that silent mansion. At length, one morning, our two Americans appeared in the court-yard, examining the premises with an acute and practised eye. The result of their visit was soon made plain. The property was at once occupied, and in less than three months it was purchased by the North British Rubber Company; and the Castle-mills were applied to the manufacture of another kind of fabric, not, indeed, so fine or so costly as silk, but apparently of more popular use, and of far greater consumption.

It is proper to state that the managers were also guided in their choice of Edinburgh as a site for their manufactory, by the following considerations: In the first place, because they conceived it to possess a superabundant female population; secondly, because, from the comparative absence of other manufactures, there was a probability of procuring cheap labour; lastly, because it possessed an easy access, by way of Leith, to the markets of the continent.

With these views well matured, they began operations in the month of May last year. Their staff consisted of only four people—two English girls, one Irish girl, and one Irishman, whom they had brought from the United States to teach our people the process. That process we shall now proceed to explain; and for this purpose, we must ask the reader to accompany us in a glance through the works. We begin at the north side of the quadrangle, a large and spacious side of the building, consisting of five floors, which is entirely devoted to the manufacture of India-rubber shoes.

The first thing we observe here worthy of notice, is the enormous piles of raw material scattered in various heaps over the basement floor, some of it in flat cakes, some of it in the form of round bullets about the size of a man's head—hence, in the language of the trade, called negrohead, to which part of the native African it bears, we must say, an extraordinary resemblance. The commercial supply of this material,

we were informed, is derived, in the order of its importance and intrinsic value, from the Brazils, from Central America, from the East Indies, and, lastly, from Africa. The South American rubber imported from Para, the great entrepôt of our Brazilian commerce, is worth about 1s. 6d. per pound; the East Indian, from Singapore, about 1s. per pound; while the African, which is very inferior in point of quality, is only worth about 3d. per pound. As to the consumption, it has been computed that, for a period of twenty years previous to 1856, there were exported from South America to England about twelve million pounds; but the exports from the same quarter to the United States during the same period amounted to twenty-two million pounds. The United States, therefore, appear to consume nearly twice as much of the material as we do in England—we may almost say, in the whole of Europe.

The first process of the manufacture is to convert this raw India-rubber into sheets. For this purpose, it is first of all crushed through ponderous iron rollers, which soon make flat enough work of the negroheads. It is then cut into small pieces. These pieces are thrown into an iron vat of hot water, which has the effect of softening and cleansing them at the same time. The India-rubber is now subjected to a curious process of grinding through heated iron cylinders, which convert it into a soft plastic mass, well fitted to assimilate with the necessary ingredients which produce the chemical metamorphosis. After being triturated in this way for some time, it is finally rolled into a smooth sheet through a congeries of double rollers made of iron, very highly polished and very hot. This sheet, which comes forth in the most regular form imaginable, is passed on endless bands to the floor above, where it is cut into proper lengths, and stored upon layers of calico. This vulcanised sheet India-rubber constitutes the material for the uppers of the shoes.

The next step is to fabricate the inside lining. This consists merely of cotton cloth of different degrees of texture, which is coated with the viscid preparation of India-rubber while passing through the hot rollers in the same manner as the sheets. This waterproof cloth is used, coated on one side only, for insoles and inside lining, but is coated on both sides for the purpose of packing or welting, or whatever the narrow stripes are called which cover the seams.

The third process is to stamp out the sole. For this purpose the material goes through a similar arrangement of rollers; but the surfaces, in this case, in place of being smooth and polished, have deep indentations cut into them, corresponding with the height of the heel, and the thickness of the sole—a species of circular die, in point of fact. These rollers are also reticulated on the outer surface, in order to produce the little facets we observe on the sole of the shoe; and, in addition to this, they are usually stamped with a matrix of the manufacturer's name.

Such is the preparation of the materials for the shoe. We must now go up stairs and see those materials put together. In order to do this, we get into a lifting machine which traverses the whole height of the building, and pass in succession, first the room devoted to packing and warehouse business, and second, the room where the sheets are cut into the proper shapes. The soles, uppers, insoles, inside lining, all pass through the hands of certain artisans, who correspond to the cutter or cliquer of the orthodox shoemaker. Our conductor told us, while ascending in the lift, that hitherto the manufacture had been conducted by men whose wages ranged from fifteen to twenty-five shillings per week; but, in all subsequent stages, they made large use of female labour, both from its superior cheapness and its superior taste. Just at this point we reached the fourth floor of the building; the signal

was given—the lift stopped, and we were ushered into the making department.

Here we found ourselves surrounded by a multitude of very nice-looking girls, most of them tastefully dressed, and all of them particularly clean and tidy. The reader can suppose a room—equal in area to the largest class of ball-rooms—beautifully clean and well-lighted, and in this room a double row of white deal tables, with four of our female shoemakers comfortably seated at each, and he has thus got the outline at least of our picture. We should like to devote some time to fill in the groups of figures and add a little colouring, but it would be out of place here. As to the wages of the girls, we may state that, after undergoing a nominal apprenticeship of three months, they are paid for what they can earn, which ranges from nine to twelve shillings per week.

One of those young ladies—who, by the way, came from the States—was now selected to shew us the whole process of making a shoe. So far as we could observe at the time, she pursued the following order.

1. She took up a last,
2. Which she wrapped round with a piece of inside lining.
3. She then stuck on the insole.
4. And overlaid all the seams with narrow stripes, to make them strong.
5. The quarter or heel-stepping was now added.
6. And then the bottoms were filled in.
7. The upper was now laid over this.
8. And, lastly, the sole was stuck on.

The shoe was now finished, and, in almost as little time as it has taken us to write, the raw material transformed into the article of wearing apparel. We never saw or heard of anything like it. The explanation, however, is very simple: there is no sewing or stitching needed. The tools employed resemble bookbinders' tools more than those of the shoemaker. Such is the adhesive nature of the substance, that whenever two surfaces are brought together, they unite as firmly as if they had never been separated. The only thing requisite after this is to give them a coat of varnish, and that is effected in a manner equally curious and expeditious. A platform is brought by the lifting machine up to the railway which intersects the floor, and on this platform are stuck some 300 pair of the shoes, by means of spikes passing into the lasts. The whole thing is now rolled into the varnishing apartment, where each shoe is coated with a particular kind of resinous varnish; and then it is thrust into an oven, where it remains until its exterior is thoroughly dried.

To give an illustration of the magical celerity with which these India-rubber shoes are produced, we may state that the sheets are cut up one day, the shoes are made the next, and these are packed ready for the market on the next again. The North British Rubber Company turn out regularly in this manner about 4000 pair every day.

The consumption of this article is now very great. In England, Ireland, Scotland, and the continent, particularly in Germany, the demand is growing with unheard-of rapidity; and the reason, we think, is obvious. The thing is at once a necessary and a luxury. A lady may wear her goloshes on a wet day, at an evening-party, or a concert, without considering them vulgar and common because the dairyman's daughter over the way goes about the cow-shed, and marches across the yard with a pair of precisely the same things protecting her feet. There is no mistake as to their beneficial qualities. But, of course, there is a time for everything. It will not do to wear India-rubber goloshes, or waterproof clothing of any description, constantly under all circumstances. What is good for keeping out wet, is also good for keeping

it in; or, in other words, by a constant use of this article of dress, we run the risk of checking the respiratory organs, which is very hurtful. We may mention on this point, however, that the girls in the works who wear the shoes constantly, find no ill effects resulting from this cause.

There are a number of other curious things to be seen at the Castle Mills. For example, the machine for making lasts is a really wonderful piece of mechanism. The steam-engine itself, of one hundred horse-power, is well worth examination; and, indeed, the machinery through the works generally is of a very high order, most of it, we believe, of American origin. We cannot enter at present on the other branches of the manufactory—the machinery bands, tubes, springs, and such things; but we may remark, in conclusion, that the India-rubber manufacture seems to have become established in Scotland, and we wish it all success. We have no jealousy at all that it has been done by American capital and skill—quite the reverse. This circumstance, indeed, will suggest the important reflection, that, after all, the spirit of commerce is the true bond between civilised nations, the best agent for improving the condition of the people, and the only legitimate source of national wealth and prosperity.

#### A DAY WITH THE DIVAN.

We reached the divan before the hour at which Aslan Pacha gave audience; therefore the *kaoush* who had been sent by the pacha to conduct us to his presence intimated that we were to precede him to the apartment of the *chehir ensin*, or superintendent. There Aslan Pacha sat, begirt with the robes of office.

'Khosh buldounk!' (Well found!) said my friend and conductor Sarim Bey.

'Bouroun' (You are welcome), answered the pacha.

We were beckoned to a seat; we obeyed forthwith. Tchibouks were presented, and for a while the party smoked on with proper Moslem apathy and silence.

'Min hahi?' (How are you getting on?) asked Sarim at length of the pacha.

Aslan slowly removed his lemon-coloured mouth-piece. 'Giadilla, Effendim' (Effendim, I am sick). The tchibouk was resumed.

'Min Al'lah!' (Heaven forbid), returned Sarim.

'Ol hai!' (It is true), was the pacha's rejoinder.

Again there was nothing but tchibouk-puffing and silence.

'What business have you on hand?' asked Sarim, after a long pause.

'Bosh!' (Nothing), was the reply of the pacha, without foregoing his amber mouth-piece for a moment.

'Na tu ni' (There it is), said the cadi. (The cadi is an inferior judge, to whom the pacha surrenders the business of the court in his absence.) 'My lord is the master, and I am his slave. Have we not the rogue that imitated the *bokshaliks*?'\*

'Benezar, you are an ass!' was the flattering reply. 'Mash'al'lah! what is the profit of such a cause except the labour? I question whether the Greek dog does not carry all his piasters on his back. Our exchequer is low, and we have need of such as can pay their *avaniast*† with a full purse. Once more I tell you, Benezar, that you are an ass, and the son of an ass!'

'There is, I hear, a wealthy pacha coming here to demand the help of the favourite of the padishah—even

\* A base coin, which was issued in a season of emergency by Sultan Mahmoud the Powerful.

† Fines.

yourself, my lord,' replied the obsequious *cadi*, without for a moment venturing to question the authenticity of that paternity which the pacha had just fastened on him. 'I know not what his wants are, that he invokes the condescension of my lord. May it be blessed! But I am told that he is as rich as King Karoon,\* and scatters about his piasters as though they were but fig-dam!'.

'Chok chay' (That is much), replied Aslan. 'And you think he will leave money behind him?'

'My lord is wiser than a *karabash*! His penetration reaches to the centre of all things, and nothing is hidden from his eye!' was the answer. 'It is even as he has spoken!'

'Pek ahi' (It is well), returned the pacha. 'Few are the piasters that of late have found their way into the treasury. Inshallah! (I trust in God) it is as you say, Benezer. The respect for justice must be on the decline, or we should not be in receipt of such meagre presents. A *boksha* or an *anali* (a handkerchief or a hand-mirror), such are now thought fitting offerings to the representative of the Lord of the Three Seas!'

'But was it not yesterday that my lord received two hundred piasters from —?' interposed the unfortunate *cadi*. He was instantly stopped.

'Benezer, you are a fool! Had you been wise, you would long ere this have filled your pockets with *jeb-karji* (pocket-money), instead of keeping your purse empty, and being reckoned unfit to dip your spoon in the same *tchorba* (soup) as a mere *khawaji* in the *Taharshi*. But why talk I? I have said that you are an ass, and I repeat it! It is time. *Gel'* (Come).

The pacha rose as by a great effort to his feet, being assisted so to do by two *nefers*,† who each put a hand beneath his shoulders. Having gently lifted him to stand upon his feet, with as much care as though he had been a chandelier or a German doll, they placed one hand beneath his elbows, whilst with the other they held up his robes. He leaned upon them, panting and tottering, as if crushed beneath the weight of the dignities he sustained, as is usual with all great persons on occasions of state in the east. The 'favourite of the padishah' was followed by six soldiers of the guard with their officer; his *solicitara*, or sword-bearer; his *kahvedji-bashi*, or chief of the coffee-makers; his *odossi-bashi*, or the keeper of his seal and purse; his *tchibouk-bashi*, or holder and filler of his *tchibouk*; two *chokadara*, or cloak-bearers; one *kirkeji-bashi*, or large mantle-bearer; his *merakbah*, or chief guard of his stables; and the *tarafhani*, or inspector; the *chehir ensin*, or superintendent; the *djillat*, or executioner; and various subordinate officers closed up the rank.

Slowly and stately the *nefers* placed him to sit upon the yielding cushions of the divan at the upper end of the Hall of Audience. The crowd of applicants, who stood with their hands meekly folded upon their bosom, just within the doorway, spread the palms of their hands upwards, and prostrated themselves till their forehead touched the earth. The officers who kept guard over the door, pressed forth to make their obeisance by kissing the hem of the pacha's robe; but the pacha, with a condescension which brought out a burst of applause, prevented them from doing so, and offered them his hand. Each one took the proffered and distinguished boon, stooped forward, and placed it for a moment upon his head.

'Lah il'lah el il l'Al'lah! Muhammed il resoul Al'lah! (There is no God but God; and Muhammed is the prophet of God), cried Latija, the secretary of the court. 'Al'lah shekier! (Praise be to God), all the earth is to come for justice to this its asylum in

the presence of the Shadow of the Padishah! Let all who want justice now ask, and they shall have the gift!'

As he finished the words, an elderly Turk detached himself from the crowd, and walking rapidly across the hall, till he reached the open space in the centre, he flung himself upon his knees and murmured: 'Justice! justice! justice!'

The secretary spread the parchment upon his knee, dipped the *calam* (pen) in the bottle at his girdle, and thus held himself in readiness to obey any commands of the Mirror of Justice who was seated in the divan above him.

'Who calls for justice? Speak!—we listen!' said the pacha.

'May the life of my lord be like his power, without end, and his shadow never be less!' cried the applicant. 'The fame of my lord has reached even to the portals of El Masr,\* and the light of his penetration discovers things hidden in the darkness of midnight. Therefore am I come, I, Suleiman, the essence-merchant in the Divan Yuli (Divan Street) of the *Taharshi*, to invoke the judgment of the Reflection of the Padishah upon that Ibn Sheitan,† Kafoor, the black slave who keeps my counter in my absence.'

'Good; and you shall have what is right; for am I not here even as in the stead of the padishah, the Sun of Justice and the Shadow of the Universe?' said the pacha.

'Taibin! taibin!' (Excellent! excellent), said the satellites near; and a low murmur of approbation ran through the court.

'My lord the pacha doubtless has heard the fame of Suleiman, the maker of the imperial essences. I have made the properties of scents my study, until I defy all the competition of the *Taharshi*; and the science of the Franks is but as an atom in the beams of my knowledge of all precious perfumes. A few weeks ago, my lord's servant, after a hundred costly experiments, invented a new essence, whose excellence exceeded that of all other essences under heaven if put together. A single breath of it, my lord, was like an entrance into paradise; and but to uncover the *flacon* of gilded ivory in which this surpassing concoction was contained, gave its possessor a joy as if he had converted the whole race of infidels to the faith of the true believers. It was born of the spirit of a rose; and he who smelt this wonderful compound could hardly regain his breath, so powerful was its sweetness. This son of a burnt father, my lord, stole the box in which the essence was contained from the drawer wherein I had deposited it for safety, and took it to one of the cunning Franks, who, helped by Sheitan, found out the nature of those perfumes of which it was compounded. And it was but yesterday that whilst thinking there was but one flask of it in the whole universe—and that one the *flacon*, small as a pea, which I possessed—I had a phial of it offered to me for inspection by Namtem, the rival merchant on the opposite side. The villain is this Kafoor! My lord, he has plundered me of piasters sufficient to pave the way from hence to the *Kehaba*‡ with gold; for this precious perfume would have been welcome to every harem under the sun, and even to the *houris* in paradise!'

'Kafoor, stand forth!' pronounced the pacha in a voice of authority. An officer led the shrinking Numidian to the centre of the room, and there left him. The negro dashed himself to the earth, and clasping his hands, cried piteously for mercy.

'Give him the *bastinado*,' was the reply; and the shrieking slave was led to a distant part of the hall, and there, in sight of the pacha, the preparations for the punishment were made. The feet were bared, the

\* The Crosses of the east.

† The *nefers* are supposed to be men of especial purity. As a sign of this, they wear women's hair upon their neck and around their shoulders.

\* Mecca.

+ Son of Satan.

‡ The holy temple at Mecca.

ankles tied to a wooden rod; two men held the ends, one on each side. With the disengaged right hand, each took a thong, and commenced alternately striking a blow. The screams of the black were terrible: he rolled his eyes in agony, he pawed the floor, he bit the ground. The infliction was continued without mercy, till the pacha was pleased to pronounce the emphatic '*Thenum!*' (enough). The sufferer was then released, and allowed to crawl home as he could.

'Now, who else would have justice?' asked the secretary.

An aged Jew advanced to the middle of the hall, and throwing himself upon his knees, with one of the lowliest salams of the east, began his complaint.

'I come to the Glory of the Truth for help, and shall I ask aid of the all-powerful pacha, who is as the breath in the nostrils of his slave, in vain? My lord, soon after the Bairam, I bargained with this filthy Greek, Angiolo!'

'Angiolo, stand forth!' interrupted the pacha. It was done, and the Israelite proceeded.

'I bargained with him, O Rose of Justice! to let him become the possessor of two bundles of my finest *bokshas*\* for'—

'Had you paid the duty on them?' asked the pacha.

'My lord's wisdom is wonderful!' cried the Jew. 'He thinks all things, and all secrets are plain in his sight, like the heavens at noonday! Who can hide aught from the Favourite of the Padishah? By the bones of Abraham, my great ancestor, should I not be witless as a dog, if I sought to do so, when my lord knows all things, and his servant is less than a slave in his sight?'

The pacha solemnly nodded his head in a slight approbation, as if the Jew were hardly worthy of his august notice; and a fresh murmur of '*Taibin! taibin!*' ran through the apartment, to the great encouragement of Yousouff, the silver-bearded Jew.

'I took them to the custom-house,' resumed he; 'but Namik, to whom I always pay the tax, was absent. I drew the attention of his secretary to the two bundles of *bokshas*, and said that as I had an immediate purchaser for them, I would take them away, and return with the money at my leisure.'

'You *did* sell them, then, before you paid the tax? Did I not understand you aright?' asked the pacha.

'My lord, it is even as you say,' responded the Jew.

'*Latija*,' said the pacha to the secretary, 'write that Yousouff, the Jew, is to pay an *avania* of one hundred piasters for defrauding the revenue, and that he is to forfeit his two bundles of *bokshas* also to the state. Write also, that Angiolo, the Greek, is to pay his *avania* of fifty piasters for purchasing two bundles of *bokshas* of Yousouff, the Jew, knowing the same to have cheated the revenue of the Sublime Empire. Now, Hebrew, we listen!'

But the poor Jew now was speechless with vexation; and the whole court, which a moment before exulted in his applause of the pacha, now resounded with a titter of delight at his ill-luck.

'Where did you sell them, infidel?' asked the pacha.

'The bargain was made in the bazaar,' replied the unhappy Yousouff, wringing his hands as though he were ruined for ever.

'*Latija*,' continued the pacha to the secretary, 'Yousouff, the Jew, is fined fifty piasters for selling *bokshas* within the city. Hebrew, your cause is done?'

'It is done, my lord.'

'*Latija*,' said the pacha, 'write: Yousouff, the Jew, is to pay an *avania* of one hundred piasters for troubling

the divan with a cause for which there was no grounds. Hebrew, your case is dismissed.'

A burst of applause followed this last display of wisdom by the Sun of Truth, amidst which the discomfited Jew found his way out of court as well as he could.

An officer now led one of those old women who travel with bouquets, charms, and essences for sale before the divan. The official bowed himself to the earth.

'What complaints have you, Saider,' asked the pacha, 'against this woman?'

'None, my lord,' said she—'none!'

'My lord,' said the official, 'this is Zeinip Hanoum, who has been several times before you for her misdeeds.'

'*Astafa Al'läh!*' (God be praised), cried the pacha, 'I find all of you ready enough to talk of others' deeds, but, *Mashal'läh!* there are few amongst you dare speak of his own! What have you done, Zeinip?'

'Nought, Effendimon' (My master), replied she. 'Some daughter of a *kamal* has of late introduced certain missives to the harem of Saraf Pacha.'

'Did you do it?'

'I? not I!' responded Zeinip. 'Not that I have not in my day done such works for the young *sikdam* of the city. I have sold in the best harems toys whereon words of passion were inscribed in gold-dust upon the leaves of roses. I have'—

'*Mashal'läh!* she tells a tale to which it is a shame to listen!' said the pacha. 'Do we not talk of woman?—and that is bosh' (nothing).

'So you all say,' pursued the imperturbable Zeinip. 'Look you, my lord; Zeinip has not lived so long but she knows how to discover a diamond from a cinder, and false ire from real passion. See here, my lord, I have all precious things in my basket. What shall I shew you, Effendimon? I have silk-shawls encircled with love-ballads from Hafiz; I have gums of Araby, and spices from the far lands beyond the sea; I have *analis* whose frames are traced with gentle words; and I have calams whose language, if they be used discreetly, shall be softer than the breath of the rose; I have bouquets to protect from the evil eye; I have charms and rings, and amulets and spells. I have one in particular that I will shew you, Effendimon: it is in the form of a box, containing both essences and philters, and at the bottom is a spell by which, if the box be left uncovered at the fountain for one night at the decline of the moon, on the morrow one hundred piasters will be found at the bottom.'

'*Inshal'läh*, your secret is well worth the learning, Zeinip,' said the pacha.

'My secret I cannot give—the box I can,' returned Zeinip, handing it up.

'*Latija*,' said the pacha, as he received the spell, 'write: Saider, the officer, is fined fifty piasters for making a false charge against a good Moslem.'

This sentence being duly recorded, the Sun of Justice was prepared to lift up the light of his countenance upon some new suitor. One quickly came. A young woman, whose dress and manners evidently betokened that she belonged to the first rank of Osmanli society, was led in by a superior officer from one of the private apartments beyond the hall. There she had been staying till an opportunity for stating her cause arrived, for she was of too high a class to mingle with the indiscriminate throng at the door.

'Holy Prophet!' muttered the pacha to the *cadi* in an under-tone, 'but the young houri, after the old one, is like a sight of the seventh heaven! Has she come to complain of her last purchase in the *Taharabi*, or to ask for a fitting maintenance from her husband? Bosh der! (No matter.) Bak ahloum! (We shall see.)'

Again the pacha looked with furtive and covered gaze upon the fair young creature before him. His

\* Silk handkerchiefs.

face moved not a muscle, but yet, with Turk-like secrecy, his eyes watched every motion of the picture. She was young, and very pretty, as the wives of those Osmanlis, whose station gives them power to choose, usually are. Her large dark eyes flashed with that brilliance which so fascinates one in the Turkish female; although to any man whose sympathies are at all right, it is painful to know, that to produce this strange brightness, she uses artificial and pernicious means—the poisonous essence of belladonna. The cheek was pale and pure, and though so jealously hidden beneath the misty folds of her *yashmak*, you could easily see the beauty of every feature, and even the pink spot in the centre of each cheek. The long sleeves of her *feridje* (cloak) had fallen back, thus revealing her arms, which were delicately moulded, and stainless as newly sculptured marble. A wreath of pearls and flower-sprays confined part of her hair behind; but much of it had been suffered to break free, and the long dark curls falling around her shoulders, formed a picturesque contrast to the pale loveliness of her complexion. A pretty little foot, incased in its embroidered slipper, just peeped out from under the folds of her large flowing *shahwar* (pantaloon) of pale yellow and violet silk.

She was of the highest rank, as has been said; and I noticed that she began her petition very differently from any who had preceded her. She pronounced a dignified 'Salam Aleikoum!' ('Peace be with you') to the pacha, and then commenced her recital—while she held up the forefinger of her right hand in a gesture of pretty command, and emphasising any sentence of special import by slowly moving it.

'My lord the pacha,' began she, 'I claim the protection of your authority against my husband. I—'

'Inshallah,' interrupted the pacha, 'a woman has no right to dispute the wishes of her husband, unless it be a case of *devaniti* (idiotcy) or of *scaradam* (cruelty). He is her lord and master, and knows all things; and she is as bosh, and less than bosh (nothing, and less than nothing), in his sight.'

'Wal'lah! and a *devani* (an idiot) and a *scaradi* (cruel man), too, he must be, or he would not try to oppose his wife's wants when her cause is just, and she has done naught to offend him. I had a slave, my lord, named Zaida Hanoum. She was mine before I married my husband, and he has no right to her. He began to look upon her with unblushing face and saucy eyes, and I chose it not. I sent her away to the house of my friend, Selima Hanoum, but he found her out, and brought her back!'

'Why did you not shew him the bottom of your slipper?' asked the pacha, much moved at this injustice to the young wife.

'I did, my lord,' replied the Hanoum; 'and once I was minded to apply it to his ears, but I refrained!'

'Guzel, guzel!' (Very good, very good), replied the pacha. 'The cause must indeed be serious when a wife can be suffered to apply her slipper to the ears of her husband! By your patience, I know that you are in the right—for such can always keep their temper. I will send a script to your husband,' pursued the pacha, as he saw the Hanoum taking out a well-filled purse. 'No wife shall be unjustly troubled by her husband's fancies whilst the Favourite of the Padishah sits in judgment here!'

The purse was handed to the secretary, who in turn handed it to the pacha.

'I know not what the costs are,' said the arch young Hanoum; 'but I require no deductions from my gift. If any remains, let it go to the secretary, or any one else in court who may choose it!'

The Hanoum made a dignified *salam*—the pacha graciously returned it—and then she passed out of court. This case disposed of, the pacha declared that he was so much fatigued with the duties of his office,

that he really could sit in the divan no longer. The cadi therefore took his place. Slowly and solemnly as he had been led there, the *nefers* now supported Aslan from the Hall of Audience. We followed, perfectly satisfied with our Day at the Divan.

#### THE HISTORY OF THE FOUR KINGS.

Who is there of us that has been at school who remembers not that terrible question in geometrical progression beginning with 'One Sessa, an Indian,' the black gentleman who invented the game of chess, and demanded of his prince in recompense one grain of wheat for the first square in the board, two for the second, three for the third, and so on, up to the value of more than the royal possessions? It is to this celebrated person, it seems, that we are also indirectly indebted for the game of whist. In the chess of Hindostan, *Chaturaji*—the four rajahs or kings—the ingenious Sir William Jones discovers the germ of that which delighted the heart of Mrs Sarah Battle more than ten centuries afterwards. In what manner, and at what precise time, coloured cards took the place of carved figures, and the whist-table elbowed out the chess-board, is not known; but a pack of Hindostanee cards in the possession of the Royal Asiatic Society, and presented to Captain Cromline Smith in 1815 by a high-caste Brahmin, were declared by the donor to be actually one thousand years old! 'Nor,' quoth the Brahmin, 'can any of us now play at them, for they are not like our modern cards at all.' Neither, indeed, do they bear any remarkable resemblance to our own, the pack consisting of no less than eight suits of divers colours, the kings being mounted upon elephants, and the viziers, or second honours, upon horses, tigers, and bulls. Moreover, there are other marks by which the respective value of the common cards may be distinguished, which would puzzle our club quidnuncs not a little—such as 'a pine-apple in a shallow cup,' and a 'something like a parasol without a handle, and with two broken ribs sticking through the top.'

In the Chinese dictionary called *Ching-toye-tung*, it is asserted that dotted cards were invented in the reign of Seun-ho, A.D. 1120, and devised for the amusement of his numerous wives: there are thirty cards in each of these packs, three suits of nine cards each, and three single cards superior to all the others. The name of one of the suits is *Kew-ko-wan*—that is to say, nine ten thousands of kwan, strings of beads, shells, or money; and the titles of the other two are equally concise and sensible. These cards, however, have an advantage over those of Hindostan in being oblong instead of circular; both, however, are remarkable for being emblematic in a very high degree; some of the Hindoo packs illustrating the ten avatars or incarnations of the deity Vishnu; and the so-called 'paper-tickets' of the Chinese typifying the stars, the human virtues, and, indeed, almost anything you please.

Cards do not appear to have been known in Europe until towards the end of the fourteenth century. 'In the year 1379,' writes Carelluzzo, 'was brought into Viterbo the game at cards, which comes from the country of the Saracens, and is with them called *nail*,' whence afterwards, perhaps, Jackanapes, Jack of Cards. In 1393, this entry occurs in the accounts of the treasurer of Charles VI. of France: 'Given to Jacquemin Gringonneur, painter, for three packs of cards, gilt and coloured and variously ornamented for the amusement of the king, fifty-six sols of Paris.'

The clergy, it seems, took to their quiet rubber, or, as I am afraid it was, to that ungenteel game all-fours, very speedily after this, for they were forbidden these little amusements by the synod of Langres so early as 1404.

Card-making grew to be a regular trade in Germany fourteen years after this, where it, as well as card-painting, seems to have been for some time carried on exclusively by females; the wood engraving of cards, however, did not begin until some time afterwards. The pips were then very prettily imagined, the suits consisting of hearts, bells, acorns, and leaves. The place of her majesty the queen was filled by a knight or superior officer; and it is to Italy, and not to Germany or France, that the glory of giving *place aux dames* at all must be conceded. There was also—imagine it, shade of Major A. !—no ace whatever. By 1420, gambling by means of cards had got to such a pitch as to provoke St Bernardin to preach against it at Bologna; and so eloquently, as to cause his hearers to make a fire in the public place, and throw all the cards in their possession into it—a proceeding which must have been enthusiastically applauded by the Messrs De la Rue of that period. We doubt whether Mr Spurgeon now-a-days would produce an equal effect in St James's Street.

In the books of the worshipful guild of cobblers, at Bamberg, there is a bye-law of 1491, which imposes a fine of half a pound of bees-wax, for the company's holy candle to burn at the altar of their patron saint, upon any brother who, being excited by bad luck, should go so far as to throw the cards out of window. The signs upon Italian cards, which seem to have been the first imported into England, were cups, swords, money, and clubs; but in the third year of Edward IV., their further importation was forbidden, and the home-trade of card-making protected. Cards were played by that time, we learn, 'in all places of worship' in this country, which, however, simply means in the houses of all worshipful people, such as lords, knights, and justices of the peace.

Henry VII. was a card-player; and there are not a few entries in that beggarly monarch's privy-purse account of his majesty's little losings: the sly old fellow never seems to have won anything. His daughter, Margaret, at the age of fourteen, was found by James IV. of Scotland—the first time he ever saw her—in the act of playing cards; and it was most probably *écarté*, for he seems to have at once proposed to her, and she to have accepted him. He was himself a great card-player, and had delivered over to him at Melrose, on Christmas-night 1496, 'thirty-five unicorns, eleven French crowns, a ducat, a ridare, and a leu'—in all forty-two pounds, to spend at cards.

There was a sum regularly allotted to the Princess, afterwards queen, Mary, as pocket-money for this especial purpose; the sums given her at a time for immediate disbursement ranging from twenty to forty shillings, but one entry being so disgracefully low (for a princess) as 'two and tuppence.' It is probable that her indifferent luck at this amusement may have contributed to the burning of not a few poor Christians in later years. Mr Barrington is of opinion that her Spanish alliance made games at cards much more universal in this country; and certainly, Spaniards were early votaries at the shrine of the Four Kings. Cards were especially forbidden to the troops on board of the Armada by the Duke of Medina; but we do not know what authority Mr Samuel Rogers had for making the companions of Columbus

Round at Primero sit, a whiskered band,  
So Fortune smiled, careless of sea or land.

Queen Elizabeth liked cards as well as her sister did, and, when she lost her royal money, seems generally to have lost her royal temper also. Instead of the white malice which Mary indulged in, however, Queen Bess did but blurt out a harmless oath or two. Sir Robert Carey tells his father Lord Blunsdon, who is procrastinating about his journey to Barwyke, that

he had better set about it at once, 'for when I towlde hyr that you determinde to begyn your journey presently after Whitsontyd, she grew yntoo a grete rage, *beggynnyng* with Gods words, that she wolde sett you by the feete, and send another in your place yf you dalyed with hyr thus, for she wolde not be thus dalyed withall.' James I. likewise played a good deal, but so sleepily, that he required somebody to hold his cards for him.

About the year 1660, heraldic cards were first introduced into England, the king of clubs being represented by the arms of the pope; of spades, by those of the king of France; of diamonds, by those of the king of Spain; and of hearts, by those of the king of England. In 1679, a pack was published containing the history of all the popish plots, 'excellently engraved on copper plates, with very large descriptions under each card. Aspersers of this pack,' it is added by their ingenious advertiser—that is, those who don't buy them, we suppose—'plainly shew themselves to be popishly affected.'

The French, from whom we derive our ordinary suits of diamond, heart, spade, and club—*carreau*, *cœur*, *pique*, and *trèfle*—were continually changing their court-cards, and representing on them all sorts of historical characters. In the earlier periods, their kings were Charlemagne, Caesar, Alexander, and David, or Solomon, Augustus, Clovis, and Constantine; about all of whom and their followers, Pere Daniel has the most ingenious information to offer. Troops, says he, however brave and numerous, require to have prudent and experienced generals. The *trèfle*, a clover plant which abounds in the meadows of France, denotes that a chief ought always to encamp his army in a place where he may obtain forage for his cavalry; *piques* and *carreaux* signify magazines of arms which ought ever to be well stored—the *carreau* being a sort of heavy arrow shot from a cross-bow, and which was so called from its head being squared (*carré*); *cœurs*, hearts, signified courage of both commanders and soldiers; and so on to any amount.

Whist was a popular game in England long before it became fashionable. In 1664, the second edition of *The Compleat Gamester* has this passage: 'Ruff, and honours (by some called *slam*), and whist are games so common in England, in all parts thereof, that every child almost of eight years hath a competent knowledge in that recreation; and therefore I am more unwilling to speak anything more of them than this, that there may be a great deal of art used in dealing and playing at these games, which differ very little one from the other.' Another name for this ancient game of 'ruff and honours' was 'whisk and swabbers,' from which title, without doubt, was derived whist, and not, as is popularly believed, from the Irish *whisht*, 'be quiet.' The game never seems to have been played upon principle much before 1737, about the time that the famous treatise by Edmund Hoyle, Gent., was published by Thomas Osborne at Gray's Inn: it was, however, long before this the peculiar recreation of the clergy and country gentlemen, who left ombre to the ladies, piquet to the bloods, and all-fours, put, cribbage, and lanterloo to the lower orders.

Since then, as we know, the history of the Four Kings has never lacked students. It is probable that during the last hundred years more money has been spent in the encounters of these paper monarchs and their armies than in all the real campaigns which have been entered upon in the same period by flesh-and-blood sovereigns; nor, indeed, in so loyal a cause, has life itself been spared, as many duels sprung from cards can testify. Moreover, not a few fanatic persons have absolutely died in harness with cards in their hands; such as the great Bath player Lookup, who

expired at his favourite game of humbug—Double Dummy—not being permitted by inexorable death even to play out his four by honours and mark the game. It seems likely, however, that the history of the Four Kings, like that of monarchy itself, will never be extended to the New World; for Mr Andrew Chatto, to whose *Facts and Speculations upon the Origin and History of Playing-cards* we are mainly indebted for this paper, assures us that the court-cards of a republican pack recently (1848) manufactured at New York, and now in his possession, have no kings at all: the president of hearts being Washington; of diamonds, John Adams; of clubs, Franklin; and of spades, Lafayette. One of the queens is Venus—modestly concealing her charms after the American notions of delicacy—and the others are Fortune, Ceres, and Minerva; while the knaves are aptly represented by four Indian chiefs.

#### SOCIAL PROGRESS AT THE ANTIPODES. CONCLUDING ARTICLE.

THE country which Tasman took the liberty of naming New Zealand, without daring to land and take possession, consists of a comparatively narrow range of lofty mountains, extending about eight hundred miles in length from north to south, and is so placed as to comprise all the most desirable climates of the earth in rapid gradation, from the almost tropical temperature of the Bay of Islands and Auckland, to the cold and stormy latitudes of Otago and Stewart's Island towards the south. This highly picturesque chain of sharp wedge-like ridges, and high volcanic peaks, is intersected by Cook Strait and Foveaux Strait; and thus divided into three islands, of which the Northern and Middle Islands, separated by Cook Strait, are of considerable extent. It is said that the entire surface of New Zealand is equal to that of England and Scotland; but this must be a very rough approximation, based on the marine survey of Captain Cook, for no general trigonometrical survey has been undertaken yet, although the local government would seem to have both a strong motive and sufficient means for doing so, seeing that their principal function is to buy large blocks of land from the Maoris at about three-pence per acre, to be retailed to emigrants at five and ten shillings, according as it is hilly or level. Among the European settlements here, commercial enterprise and success seem to increase with the mean temperature. More business is transacted in Auckland than in all the other settlements together. One Auckland store alone, that of Mr Grahame, built of honeycombed black lava, from the adjacent volcano, Mount Eden, contains more goods than all the stores of Wellington.

In the language of the turf, Auckland takes the lead; Wellington makes a bad second; and the rest are nowhere. This is partly due to the favourable position of Auckland with respect to the Australian colonies, and partly also to the peculiar character of the inhabitants of each settlement. The leaders of those who founded Wellington, and its offshoots Nelson and New Plymouth, were chiefly the younger sons of the English aristocracy, with a strong hankering after picnics, balls, and champagne suppers, and no great aptitude for business; while Auckland is distinguished by a certain Yankee-like go-ahead spirit, chiefly imported from Sydney and Tasmania. The settlements of the Middle Island appear to have fallen into a state of permanent commercial paralysis. A few years ago, some wealthy Port Phillip squatters endeavoured to grow wool on the Canterbury plains, which produce a kind of coarse wiry tussock-grass, but were obliged to abandon the attempt on account of the cold wintry winds and the scarcity of pasturage.

At Ahuriri, in Hawke's Bay, on the east coast of

the Northern Island, have been discovered fine plains covered with good natural grasses, combined with the temperate climate due to the fortieth parallel of latitude. Many squatters have already settled on extensive sheep-runs on the upland Rua-Taniwha plains, and these pastoral colonists will doubtless be followed by agriculturists as soon as government succeeds in purchasing the extensive alluvial plain at Ahuriri.

Those who have read the numerous glowing descriptions of New Zealand, published under the auspices of single land-sharks, or combined land-sharking companies, will be surprised to learn that the quantity of land available for agriculture is extremely small. Fully nine-tenths of the surface of the country consists of steep razor-backed hills of white clay, covered with an impenetrable tangle of rough fern, from three to fifteen feet high, which will not be replaced by useful grasses for many ages to come. Small patches of level holm-land are sparsely scattered along the clayey banks of the rivers; but the only lands of any extent adapted for cultivation are the large alluvial plains at the mouths of the rivers, and to these the shrewd Maoris adhere with provoking pertinacity. Where land has changed hands several times within the memory of man, the last possessors readily consent to sell that which they hold only by a usurped and disputed claim. Thus the extensive Wairarapa Valley, near Wellington, and the Wairau plains, near Nelson, were easily acquired. But all the persuasive powers of the government commissioners fail to effect a purchase where the title to land has been undisturbed for many generations. In this category is the largest and finest plain in New Zealand, rich, fertile, and level as a billiard-table, yet misnamed Poverty Bay by Cook, because he was not allowed to get supplies of wood and water here by the warlike Ngatikahungunu.

The maritime alluvial plains of New Zealand have some remarkable peculiarities. They are not valleys sloping continuously down from the flanks of the adjacent hills, but almost perfectly level plains, abutting against the steep hillsides as abruptly as the surface of a deep lake. They are, in fact, most probably the level bottoms of large lagoons, elevated by some general upheaval of the country. Some very perfect examples of raised beaches on the east coast shew that such upheavals have taken place. Enormous lagoons are still often formed at the mouths of almost all New Zealand rivers. The heavy rains of winter, flowing rapidly over the impermeable clay of the precipitous hills and ravines, cause sudden and powerful floods, which rush straight to seaward, and make the mouth of the river in a line with its course near the sea. But when the river is low in summer, the heavy surf of the great Southern Ocean, especially during southerly gales, combined with the prevailing current along the coast, drives up the movable shingle, and often causes the mouth of the river to travel along the beach two or three miles, as at the Wairoa in Hawke's Bay, and at Awa-puni in Poverty Bay; the river meanwhile running along a channel at the back of the beach. After a long drought, a heavy gale in March or April often blocks up the mouth of the river entirely. Such awa-punis, or closed rivers, are common all along the east coast. The waters accumulate behind, and much alluvial matter is deposited in the lagoon thus formed, before an opening is effected, either by another great flood, or cut by the natives to prevent the overflowing of their kumara grounds, and to allow the entrance of kahawai, patiki, and other fish from the sea. In consequence of this unceasing struggle between the sudden floods from the mountains and the powerful swell of the ocean, most of the rivers of New Zealand terminate in a large swampy lagoon, bounded to seaward by a long shingly beach, through which a narrow opening carries off the waters from the interior. Where these lagoons have been

silted up, plains have been formed, level and fertile as a farmer could wish for.

The Ahuriri plain is a good type of its kind, and illustrates well the peculiar process of the formation. Six rivers run through the plain into a common channel, about twenty miles long, at the back of a bench of small movable shingle. The channel leads to a lagoon, about twenty square miles in extent, lying at the back of the narrow beach also, and on the side of the plain opposite to Cape Kidnapper. An opening, of 150 yards in width, from the lagoon to the sea, at the island pah before mentioned, is the only outlet for all these rivers in summer; but in winter, each river, swollen by the heavy rains, bursts through the beach, and makes to itself a separate mouth. Notwithstanding that the tide rushes through the main opening at the rate of six or seven knots an hour, the lagoon is rapidly silting up, and mud-flats are appearing wherever there is easy water. A Maori boy having upset his canoe in a high wind, and lost a new iron plough, we swept for it with two boats and a chain, but gave up the attempt to recover it, when we found that an oar, twenty feet long, could be pushed down with ease out of sight, into the soft mud at the bottom.

In order to keep my appointment with Karaitiana, I had to cross this lagoon in a whale-boat, a little voyage which I always undertook with pleasure. There, large gulls and gannets were soaring aloft, and dashing down headlong into the waters; dark green shags raised their snake-like necks from the waves, with captured awa or patiki in their bills; the spotted crested cormorants were flying to and from their nests in the rounded holes of the clay-cliffs; and the graceful terns were wading along the margins of the shoals. There was a spice of danger too, for a strong tide-rip was to be encountered, hidden mud-banks and snags were to be avoided, and occasionally the ominous back-fin of a shark would be seen to follow the wake of the boat. Indeed, a large shark once attacked us, when fishing kahawai on the lagoon, from an old broken canoe, with such fury and perseverance, as to make us paddle home in hot haste, to avoid being capsize and devoured.

The influx of settlers into this favoured district has already raised up at the entrance of the lagoon three public-houses, where London porter may be had for half-a-crown a bottle, and brandy so plentifully mixed with fiery arrack, as fully to confirm the Maori's salutary idea of the noxious qualities of wai piro. My path lay, for several miles beyond these houses, along the beach towards Cape Kidnapper. Just where the fierce surf rushes up, hissing and boiling, the ground is sandy and compact, and easy walking is practicable, by hazarding a wet foot now and then. Higher up the beach, the labouring pedestrian sinks to the ankle at every step among the loose shingle, and walking is excessively fatiguing. However, I preferred walking, in order to look for shells and sponges on my way, and had sent back the horse which had been put at my disposal. Large masses of red and white pumice lay scattered around, brought down by floods from the volcanoes inland. Of this light material the settlers here build the chimneys of their weather-boarded houses, cementing the pumice with lime of burnt shells; for building-stone and limestone are not within a convenient distance of Ahuriri. I found a few shells of common types, but not a single specimen of the beautiful *Spirula Australis*, which I had previously gathered in abundance at Poverty Bay and in the Bay of Plenty. The river-channel behind the beach and the neighbouring swamps were covered with flocks of wild ducks (*parera*). Now and then, a shy little grebe would dive out of sight, or scuttle away into a raupo bush; or a pair of the large paradise ducks would rise and fly off overhead, the sombre male uttering his usual deep guttural 'gluck, gluck,' and the gaudily coloured

female her shrill, prolonged cry, from which their name (*pu-taui-taui*) is derived. These fine birds are said to frequent this district in increased numbers every season, as the extent of cultivated land increases. They feed in flocks on grass, corn, and maize, and partake more of the nature of the goose than of the duck.

Karaitiana was to meet me at Pukenu, the kainga of Noah; I therefore passed Awa-puni, the kainga of Karaitiana, and crossed the channel in a canoe to Pukenu, on the grassy banks of the Ngaruroro river. The village contains about twenty houses, snugly hid amid groups of noble willow-trees, just then opening their fresh green leaves, in pleasing contrast to numbers of peach-trees, blushing all over with the pink blossoms of early spring. All the villagers were at work, some ploughing with horses, others digging with spades, to which they seldom needed to apply the heel, so light is this sandy river-soil. The women and children were putting in uncut seed-potatoes, while the patriarch Noah followed, with a hoop of supplejack on a long handle, with which he filled up and smoothed over the furrows. Potatoes, wheat, and Indian corn are the staple of the Maori farmer. Pakehas—often old whalers or refugees from Tasmania—are settled along the coast to buy produce from the natives, who bring it down the rivers in canoes to the store on the coast, and return with supplies of slop-clothing, farming-instruments, &c. The merchants in Auckland send schooners and small brigs to 'drogue' for wheat along the coast; and thus the harvest finds its way to market. In many cases, however, the natives themselves possess small sea-going craft, which they navigate with surprising skill and success. The natives of the Bay of Plenty alone possess eighty-three such vessels. The proceeds of the crops go to buy horses, saddles, clothes, ploughs, &c., for the Maoris pay no rent, and are not troubled with butchers' or bakers' bills, since they grow their own food on their own land; moreover, they are free from all rates and taxes.

Soon after my arrival, there came two rangitiras on horseback from Otaki to seek aid in a civil war just arisen about the sale of some land there to government. Eleven men and a principal chief had been killed in a recent skirmish. Though not present at the korero which ensued, I learned that my farming friends were by no means disposed to meddle with the 'mischief' which a certain gentleman is said to find 'for idle hands to do.' Another war about a disputed title to land, has been carried on for some time past at Taupo, between the chiefs Tohurangi and Bohipi, in which seventeen have already fallen on one side, and eleven on the other. It is not easy to see how the powerless local government can interfere advantageously in such cases, and without some effective interference, one of the opposing tribes will certainly be annihilated.

During my stay here, I was lodged in Noah's house, which is the first Maori house I have met with that differs from the universal ancestral type. It has two apartments, a but and a ben; a table, windows, and a high door, a pumice-stone chimney, and a bed-place, raised above the ground, not unlike the boxes that do the office of bedsteads in the fore-cabin of a small steamer, but still a great improvement on sleeping on the earth. In the evenings, a prolonged tinkling on the head of a hoe summoned all the village to karakia, or church, a building nearly covered with drooping willows, where Noah read prayers in Maori amid profound silence, except when responses were required. Before and after all our meals, grace was invariably said. A few hundred yards from the little village stood a large native church capable of containing one thousand persons, now gradually falling into decay, the regular services having been for some time suspended in consequence of the immoral conduct of the European minister.

Next morning, a large canoe, about forty feet long, well laden with provisions, several hundreds of sharp-ended stakes and poles, and a mallet, for our survey, together with a plough and other farming utensils, was despatched up the river under the active superintendence of Mrs Karaitiana, assisted by a stout boy, and accompanied by her adopted tamaiti (little son). In shallow water, the canoe is always propelled by a long manuka pole, but in deep water by the paddle. The Maori women do every kind of work that the men do, except fighting. They are gentle, patient, and industrious, with soft voices of a silvery sweetness. The old crones are excessively ugly, especially on great occasions when *en grande tenue*, with their hair frizzed out into a frightful shock. The younger women are seldom remarkable for beauty, and seem very deficient in the art of feminine adornment. Their dress is a cotton gown tied only at the neck, with a silk handkerchief on the head; or with the jet-black hair uncovered, plaited neatly, and forming a large knot behind, or projecting in front, like a penthouse, as if combed over something. They have, however, without exception, fine regular white teeth, in spite of the frequent use of the cutty-pipe, and large, full, lustrous, dark eyes; and realise fully the somewhat coarse description of a certain English rustic beauty in Gay's third pastoral:

Her blubbered lip by smutty pipe is worn,  
And in her breath tobacco whiffs are born.  
Though Clurussil's may boast a whiter dye,  
Yet the black sloe turns in my rolling eye;  
And fairest blossoms drop with every blast,  
But the brown beauty will like hollies last.

Of all the Maori kotiros (girls), the daughter of Noah was certainly the prettiest and the most graceful. A rich vermilion glowed through the 'brown beauty' of her cheeks. She was, of course, the cynosure of neighbouring eyes at Ahuriri; and was not the less interesting to a home-sick wandering Pakeha for rejoicing in the euphonious name of Wikitoria! The weather assuming a threatening appearance, Karaitiana, with the ever-ready Maori taihoa, which may be rendered 'by and by,' 'wait a little,' deferred our departure until the next day. In the meantime, a coloured ground-plan of the new town, shewing equal allotments of land for 104 families, disposed in two parallel lines along the banks of the river, each allotment separated from the rest by a wide roadway; and the plans and elevations of the proposed new houses, were inspected and studied with general interest. The new town is to be called Ko Rauru, which is the name of the traditional Solomon of the Maori people—a man who seems to have been distinguished as much by his conscientious truthfulness and faithful adherence to his promise, as by his general wisdom, for he is always referred to as 'Rauru-ki-tahi'—('one-worded Rauru'). It is certainly significant of the moral change that has taken place among these descendants of warlike kidnappers and cannibals, that they should spontaneously choose to live under the shadow of the name of this Maori Confucius, rather than of that of some of their most noted warriors of the olden time. The civilised Pakehas, on the contrary, honour warriors more than moral philosophers, as is testified by the Nelson and Wellington that vegetate on the opposite shores of Cook Strait.

At length we started for the head-quarters of our survey, Tane-nui-o-rangi, a sort of country-house of Karaitiana's, on the side of the river opposite to the new town. The house was half filled with sacks of wheat, potatoes, spades, &c., apparently doing duty as a barn when the family were in town. Here the commissariat department was managed by Madame Karaitiana, who had brought a fine ham for my

special entertainment, an expensive luxury in which the frugal Maoris rarely indulge, their usual food being potatoes, kumara, rice, melons, and fish. Karaitiana indicated the site of the town, and ranged the long poles in straight lines. An intelligent young Maori assisted me in the actual survey, and the canoe-boy drove in the stakes that defined the limits of each allotment. We had to force our way through a tangled mass of harsh fern, a yard high on the plain, and four or five feet high wherever the good soil had lodged in the hollows. My assistants worked with good will, and soon shewed a perfect comprehension of the nature of the business in hand. Indeed, the Maori intellect is decidedly of the mathematical order, as is shewn by their universal fondness for arithmetic, draughts, &c. On the day after the completion of our labours, Karaitiana conducted me home on horseback across the plain, by a route which lay through the paha of his friends, Tarehah and Paoro. In both places, the people were busy thrashing wheat, men and women manipulating light flails, in strokes regulated with mathematical precision by the stanzas of a song chanted by a single leader, as on board ship, and the refrain taken up joyously by the whole body. These people are sober, intelligent, frugal, and industrious, and as farmers, are evidently formidable competitors of the European emigrant. They have all the elements of permanence in greater abundance than any other native race, and appear destined to form a brilliant exception to the general decay of the aboriginal races, wherever the white man plants his foot.

Should the Ahuriri tribes continue to co-operate harmoniously in founding their town, they will insert the thin end of the wedge of social amelioration; for emulation is largely developed in the Maori character. When one Maori gets a horse, every other Maori in the district tries to compass the purchase of a horse likewise. If one tribe succeeds, perhaps with the judicious aid of a small loan from government, in obtaining a joint-stock schooner, or a water-mill, other tribes become restless and dissatisfied until they can do the same. In consequence of this strong spirit of emulation, the success of the new town of Ko Rauru would be a powerful incentive, and a sure prelude to the construction of similar towns all over the country.

#### SUB-AQUEOUS RAILWAYS.

A RAILWAY system, to be complete, must embrace the means of a continuous passage between the *termini* of each individual line. Mountains, if need be, must be bored through, and rivers bridged over; hills levelled, and hollows filled up; and these objects are in general attained at present most effectually. There is, however, an obstacle which may and does occur, in the shape of *navigable* rivers or estuaries lying between low banks, and for the overcoming of which, none of the means above enumerated can be employed. The only principle on which this can be done is by passing beneath the water; and the great tunnel under the Thames suggests the means of effecting this. Unfortunately, or perhaps fortunately, as the case may be, that great experiment does more than shew how *possible* it is to tunnel under tidal and navigable rivers: it also proves that this can only be done at an enormous expense, and at such a depth below the surface of the soil composing the actual bed of the river, as to render the work practically inapplicable, even for ordinary traffic of wheeled vehicles, by reason of the difficulty of approach; and worst of all for railways, the very nature of which precludes the possibility of their deviating, except very slightly, from the surface-level. It might appear as if the *depth* of a tunnel would signify little to a railway approaching the river at right angles, as the gradient might begin at a considerable distance at either side. This is certainly

true in theory; but when we consider that rivers necessarily flow on the lowest levels, and that the course of a railway approaching a tidal river at right angles, would be chiefly along the plateaux which rise above the river-valley on either side, it is evident that, in a general way, the depression of the line to a raised causeway and bridge—were this latter allowable in the case—would be quite as much as could consist with the maintenance of a proper level for railway purposes; while the additional dip into a tunnel, far below not only the level of a bridge, but of the bottom of the water itself, would be either altogether impracticable, or practicable at a cost and labour quite prohibitory.

Granting, then, that the ordinary tunnel is inadmissible in such cases, and that the low level of the banks renders the example of the magnificent Britannia Bridge equally inapplicable, the great problem appears to be, whether any other mode of passing a train, either over or under navigable rivers, is to be found in the resources of modern engineering.

The answer to this question is given by a Mr Holcomb, an engineer of experience and reputation; and it is our purpose now to introduce to our readers the plan which he proposes to adopt, and which seems highly creditable to his ingenuity and skill.

Mr Holcomb of course proposes a tunnel, but such a one as, while it affords all the requisite qualities, will be free from the objections which we have alluded to above as fatal to the adoption of the boring principle. It strikes us that the simplest way of explaining the matter to ordinary readers, is to say, that it is now proposed to place a tube, like the Britannia Bridge, under the water, and pass the trains through it as if it was suspended above.

The advantages of this plan are manifest. The iron sides of the tube will afford fully as ample protection to the traveller as the native rock or the cemented brick lining of a tunnel; it may therefore be placed in the water, if deep, or slightly beneath it, if shallow; and it may be made with a certain slope from either side towards the middle, which arrangement will have the advantage of allowing a deep passage in mid-channel for the shipping, as well as affording vastly increased facilities for the entrance of the railway; every foot gained in this matter of level at the entrance, necessarily representing a vast economy of cutting in the approaches. Thus, with only a trifling depression of the line, the train may glide into the archway—removed one hundred feet from the river—which constitutes the mouth of the tunnel.

Such are the principal features of Mr Holcomb's plan.

The tube is to be made of a square form, and the sides of corrugated iron. The vast and almost miraculous increase of power given to sheet-metal by this form, seems to insure two essential points: one, strength in resisting pressure; and the other, economy in labour and material. In future, there will be no use whatever in employing heavy flat plates of metal to sustain a certain strain, where much lighter ones will do at least as well, if corrugated.

The tube itself is to rest on a row of piles, driven firmly into the bottom, and afterwards cut off to the required length by machinery of Mr Holcomb's invention. Thus, the railway will be rendered independent of the inequalities of the ground, whether as to strength or level. Upon these piles, the tube must be ballasted down; for, notwithstanding the weight of the metal employed, it will still displace so much water as to possess considerable buoyancy.

We are very far from being sanguine enough to suppose that this system can ever be applied on a grand scale; and it has little or nothing in common, speaking in an engineering sense, with those wild projects with which the public have been amused from time to time, and which speak of a submarine tube

from Calais to Dover as a mere trifle; while a submarine tunnel, although a 'heavy job' in itself, is talked of as only an ordinary and legitimate development of our present railway system.

There can be little doubt that there are many situations in which the plan proposed by Mr Holcomb will be found to be both practicable and highly advantageous.

#### ZEROTES.

ZEROTES is a man of stone,  
He lives but for himself alone;  
No wife's endearments soothe his cares,  
Nor sweet small footsteps on the stairs;  
Nephew or niece he hates the name,  
No place in hall or heart for them:  
For no one in the world cares he,  
And yet he fain beloved would be.

Grave views of life Zerotes takes,  
He shuns all holidays and wakes;  
A merry laugh provokes his frown,  
He sternly puts all nonsense down.  
When through the village runs the jest,  
He stands unmoved amidst the rest.  
A kill-joy hated much is he,  
Yet fain Zerotes loved would be.

Of noble, thoughtful, generous, bold,  
Zerotes lists not to be told;  
Tell him of those who do amiss,  
And suffer for't, you give him bliss.  
Speak of the reckless and absurd,  
He echoes each detractive word.  
No gentle commentator he,  
And yet he fain beloved would be.

Cold, timid, buttoned up, and grim,  
Few e'er have been obliged to him;  
Yet while he does so little good,  
He talks of men's ingratitude—  
Ungrateful, you may well believe,  
For favours that they ne'er receive—  
Yet though a misanthrope is he,  
Zerotes fain beloved would be.

Self-love, oh, what a witch thou art,  
What tricks thou playest with the heart!  
To keep this wisest of mankind  
To one small piece of wisdom blind;  
In cheerless life, day after day,  
To make him waste himself away,  
Seeing not what a child can see,  
The unloving ne'er beloved can be!

[From an elegant volume, entitled *Poetic Trifles*, by Thomas E. Hickey. Amidst the host of the followers of Tennyson and Longfellow, we hail with much pleasure one who appears more inclined to cultivate the common-sense muse, now too much neglected.—Ed.]

#### THE CAT-TRADE.

The cat-trade is becoming quite a branch of commerce in New York. Recently, a cat-merchant in New York sent for a cargo of cats to the island of Malta. On the return-voyage, a violent storm sprung up, and an old salt swore that the cats were devils, and would send the schooner and all to Davy Jones's locker. This was enough for the superstitious crew; and the cats were immediately demanded of the captain, given up, and drowned. By a singular coincidence, the storm abated. The owner of the cats has now sued the owners of the vessel for damages, laying the value of the cats at 50 dollars apiece, or 2500 dollars.—*Canadian Free Press*.

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